

Do You Want Work?

Don't lose time, but scrutinize the "HELP WANTS," advertised in THE JOURNAL, at once. The very best opportunities are offered there to all classes every day. Watch THE JOURNAL.

THE JOURNAL.

The Time to Move

Is drawing near—May 1st—and the moving fever is epidemic. If you have not already engaged rooms, look over the "HOUSES, FLATS AND APARTMENTS TO LET" advertised in THE JOURNAL.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1896.—SIXTEEN PAGES.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

THE GREAT MYSTERY STORY---\$3,000 IN PRIZES TO THE WOMEN WHO SOLVE IT.

CONDITIONS OF THE AWARD OF \$3,000.

1. To the reader from whom the Journal receives by mail at its publication office, Nassau street, New York City, the most complete and correct solution in all its details of the entire mystery in "The Mill of Silence," as it shall be disclosed in the final chapter of the story in the Journal, the sum of \$3,000 will be paid. The entire sum of \$3,000 will be divided into 150 prizes, as follows:

FOR THE BEST SOLUTION, \$1,000.
FOR THE SECOND BEST SOLUTION, \$500.
FOR THE THIRD BEST SOLUTION, \$300.
FOR THE FOURTH BEST SOLUTION, \$100.
FOR THE FIFTH BEST SOLUTION, \$50.
FOR THE SIXTH BEST SOLUTION, \$25.
FOR THE SEVENTH BEST SOLUTION, \$10.
FOR THE EIGHTH BEST SOLUTION, \$5.
FOR THE NINTH BEST SOLUTION, \$2.
FOR THE TENTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE ELEVENTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE TWELFTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE THIRTEENTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FOURTEENTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FIFTEENTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SIXTEENTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SEVENTEENTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE EIGHTEENTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE NINETEENTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE TWENTIETH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE TWENTY-FIRST BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE TWENTY-SECOND BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE TWENTY-THIRD BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE TWENTY-FOURTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE TWENTY-FIFTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE TWENTY-SIXTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE TWENTY-SEVENTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE TWENTY-EIGHTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE TWENTY-NINTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE THIRTIETH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE THIRTY-FIRST BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE THIRTY-SECOND BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE THIRTY-THIRD BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE THIRTY-FOURTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE THIRTY-FIFTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE THIRTY-SIXTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE THIRTY-SEVENTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE THIRTY-EIGHTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE THIRTY-NINTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FORTIETH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FORTY-FIRST BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FORTY-SECOND BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FORTY-THIRD BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FORTY-FOURTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FORTY-FIFTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FORTY-SIXTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FORTY-SEVENTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FORTY-EIGHTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FORTY-NINTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FIFTIETH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FIFTY-FIRST BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FIFTY-SECOND BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FIFTY-THIRD BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FIFTY-FOURTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FIFTY-FIFTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FIFTY-SIXTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FIFTY-SEVENTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FIFTY-EIGHTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE FIFTY-NINTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SIXTIETH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SIXTY-FIRST BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SIXTY-SECOND BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SIXTY-THIRD BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SIXTY-FOURTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SIXTY-FIFTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SIXTY-SIXTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SIXTY-SEVENTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SIXTY-EIGHTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SIXTY-NINTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SEVENTIETH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SEVENTY-FIRST BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SEVENTY-SECOND BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SEVENTY-THIRD BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SEVENTY-FOURTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SEVENTY-FIFTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SEVENTY-SIXTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SEVENTY-SEVENTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SEVENTY-EIGHTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE SEVENTY-NINTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE EIGHTIETH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE EIGHTY-FIRST BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE EIGHTY-SECOND BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE EIGHTY-THIRD BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE EIGHTY-FOURTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE EIGHTY-FIFTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE EIGHTY-SIXTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE EIGHTY-SEVENTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE EIGHTY-NINTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE NINETYETH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE NINETY-FIRST BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE NINETY-SECOND BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE NINETY-THIRD BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE NINETY-FOURTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE NINETY-FIFTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE NINETY-SIXTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE NINETY-SEVENTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE NINETY-EIGHTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE NINETY-NINTH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.
FOR THE HUNDRETH BEST SOLUTION, \$1.

2. The Journal is pre-eminently a family newspaper, and its daily installment of a high-grade serial story is a feature intended specially to commend it to the home circle. To emphasize and advertise the fact that the Journal is a newspaper particularly suitable for women's reading, the further condition is made that the \$3,000 in prizes shall be paid only for explanations sent in by WOMEN and GIRLS. All may read, but only WOMEN and GIRLS may guess—and win the \$3,000.

3. "The Mill of Silence" will continue its daily installments until Thursday, May 28, on which date all but the final chapter will be published. The interval between Thursday, May 28, and Friday, June 5, inclusive, will be allowed for the forwarding of guesses. For no reason whatever will guesses be received and considered after 6 o'clock p. m., Friday, June 5. The final installment of the story, disclosing the mystery, will be published in the Journal, Monday, June 8.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION.

1. But ONE solution may be entered by any one reader.

2. All guesses must be sent by mail and in no other way, plainly addressed to "Prize Story Editor, THE JOURNAL, Nassau street, New York City."

3. Inquiries not considered fully answered here will be answered in THE JOURNAL, if the inquiries are addressed to "The Prize Story Editor," and accompanied by a two-cent stamp or postal card.

4. The \$3,000 will be awarded under the conditions and rules here set forth, and according to the best judgment of the judges appointed by THE JOURNAL, and these judges will have complete control and final decision beyond all appeal in all matters relating to this contest, and all "solutions" will be received and judged subject to this provision.

5. The guesses may be made in the English language, and without any attempt at "fine writing," and without reviewing the story at length—simply attempting to give as many facts and details as will make up "the most complete and correct solution," as called for in Condition No. 1. Guesses must disclose the mystery and such material facts of the plot revealed in the development of the story as may be deemed necessary by the judges to a clear and full explanation of the mystery in its details.

6. Names and addresses of the winners of the \$3,000 in cash prizes will be published in THE JOURNAL at the earliest possible date after the judges have determined the awards.

7. No condition of terms of subscription to THE JOURNAL is imposed. Guesses must be women and girls, and necessarily they must be readers of THE JOURNAL, but they may read the story in THE JOURNAL taken by any member of the family and need not be regular subscribers themselves in order to enter the competition. While only women and girls may guess and win the prizes, they may receive help in their guessing from any or all members of the family.



The Mill of Silence

By
BERNARD EDWARD JOSEPH CAPES.

This Story Out of 816 Competing Was Awarded One of the First Two Prizes in a Contest in Which \$30,000 Was Offered to Five Authors.

NO WOMAN JOURNAL READER CAN AFFORD TO MISS A SINGLE CHAPTER IF SHE DESIRES TO TRY FOR THE \$3,000 IN PRIZES.



(Copyright, 1896, by Bernard E. J. Capes.)
"WHAT with my search drawn out this year, my hope dwindled into a ghost not fit to cope with that obsequious joy success would bring."—Browning.

Yesterday came a knock at the door—a faint, tentative knock as from childish knuckles—and I went to see who it was. A queer little figure stood outside in the twilight—a dainty compendium of skirt and cape and frothy white frills—and a small elfish face looked up into mine through shimmering of hair like love in a mist.

"If you please," she said, "Zyp's dead, and will you take care of poor Zyp's child?" Then at that moment the hard agony of my life broke its walls in a blessed convulsion of weeping, and I caught the little wanderer to my heart and carried her within doors.

"And so poor Zyp is dead?" said I.
"Yes," answered the child; "and, please will you give me back to her some day?" "Before God's throne," I whispered, "I will deliver up my trust; and that in such wise that from His mercy some little of the light of love may, perhaps, shine upon me also."

That night I put my signature to the last page of the narrative here unfolded.

Chap. I.—The Inmates of the Mill.

My story begins like a fairy tale. Once upon a time there was a miller who had three sons. Here, however, the resemblance ceases. It throws out no triple tunic inquests of shadowy princesses or white cats, but shoots at once into a dark thicket of monstrosities on which I am yet lost. At this late date I, the last stricken inmate of the Mill of Silence, set it down for a warning and a menace; not entirely in despair, perhaps, but with a dithering of hope that at the last moment my soul may be

is, not to mince matters, that my father was a terrible drunkard, and that his three sons—not the eldest of whom retained more than a shadowy remembrance of a long-departed mother's influence—were from early years fostered in an atmosphere that reeked with that one form of moral depravity. A quite youthful recollection of mine is the sight of my father, thin, bent, gray-bearded, and with a fierce, not uncomely face, jerking himself to sudden stoppages at points in the High street to apostrophize with menacing fury the devil from his disease. I can remember feeling little shame at the laughter of onlookers, and little concern as to their pity or disgust, for we at the mill were entirely a self-contained democracy of four, and with the outer darkness of respectability our summer barbarism desired by communion. Then, too, to the world about us my father was nothing but a worthless inebriate, who, eschewing honest labor, had early abandoned himself to profligate courses, content to live upon the little fortune left him by his predecessors, and to leave his children to run to seed as they listed in the stagnant atmosphere of vice. This was true enough, yet only half-measure at that. What it did not know, and we had no concept in enlightening it with regard to, was the secret side of my father's character—the wild, fierce, imagination of the man; the creative spirit of his healthier moods and the passionate reverence of beauty which was as habitual to him, at least, as the craze for strong waters.

He exercised a despotic influence over us and we subscribed admiringly to his rule with the snarling submissiveness of young tiger cubs. Mentally, at his best, my father was as much above us as, by some canonic of fate, he was superior to the sullen, plodding stock of which he was born. Perhaps it was not until I was rising 18th that any speculation as to the reason of our manner of life began to stir in my brain. My eldest brother, Jason, was then a tall, handsome fellow of 19, with a crisp devil in his corn-colored hair, that curled like celery, and a silent one in his eyes, that were shot with lightning blue like ground-sky flowers. Modred, the youngest, who was some eighteen months my junior, was a contrast to Jason in every way. He was a heavy, pasty boy, with an aggravating droop in his lids and a large unspectacular face that seemed to batten on a rich inward egotism. He was entirely self-contained, armored against satire and unmoved of the spirit of tears.

One afternoon, in good late April weather, Jason and I were loitering and idling about some meadows within side shot of the old city outskirts. The meads there are famous for marsh marigolds and lady smocks—"all silver white," but it was not after these we had come, though they were spread all about us in infinite sweet confusion. We lay upon our faces in the long grass beside a clear, shallow burn, intent upon sport less lawful if more exciting. We were porching, in truth, and extremely enjoying it as usual. Jason held in his hand a strong-notched willow wand, fitted with a line, which was baited with a rose brendling fat from the manure heap.

"Ware!" said I, suddenly. Jason drew his line swiftly and horizontally from the water and dropped it and the rod deftly under the fringe of the bank. We turned on our backs, lazily blinking at the sky. A figure was sauntering along by the side of the little river toward us. It was that of an ill-dressed man of forty-five or so, ball-jointed and cadaverous, with a wet, wandering blue eye and light brick-colored hair brushed back into rat tails. His mouth was one pencil mark twitched up at the corners, and his ears, large and shapeless, stood up prominently like a bat's. He carried his hands behind his back and rolled his head from side to side as he walked, but little evidently escaped his roving glance. He cupied us a long way off and stopped presently, looking down upon us.

"Caught!" he cried, and pounced upon Jason. There was a short, bitter struggle between them, and the man, leaving the boy sitting panting on the grass, leaped apart with a speckled trophy held aloft in his hand. So he poised himself, statue-like as if "new lighted from a (pantomime) heaven-kissing hill."

"Give it back!" cried my brother, rising, white and furious, "or I'll brain you!" He seized up a great lump of chalk as he spoke and balanced it in his hand.

"Softly," said the other, resuming his natural posture, and very coolly slipped the trout into the wide pocket of his coat. Jason watched him all the while, with glittering eyes.

"Give it back to him, Dr. Crackenthorpe," I cried, "or he'll do you a hurt!" In one moment the Doctor dropped on his knees at the instant that the missile spun over him and splashed among the marigolds far in the meadow beyond; in the next Jason was down on his back again, with the tall man's knuckles at his throat and his bony knee planted on his chest.

"Puppy of Satan!" he hissed in grim fury. "D'ye dare to pursue me with murderous hate?"

At this Jason, who was sitting on the grass, leaped apart with a speckled trophy held aloft in his hand. So he poised himself, statue-like as if "new lighted from a (pantomime) heaven-kissing hill."

"Give it back!" cried my brother, rising, white and furious, "or I'll brain you!" He seized up a great lump of chalk as he spoke and balanced it in his hand.

"Softly," said the other, resuming his natural posture, and very coolly slipped the trout into the wide pocket of his coat. Jason watched him all the while, with glittering eyes.

shifted uneasily in his chair. We other three sat breathless and intent. "I tell you," he said, hoarsely, "he gave it me."

"And I don't believe it," cried the other. "You found it yourself, and where this came from more may be."

My father sprung to his feet. "Get out of my house!" he shouted, "and take your 'may be's' to the foul fiend!" Dr. Crackenthorpe placed his pipe and the coin very gently on the table and walked stiffly to the door. He had almost reached it when my father's voice, quite changed and soft, stopped him.

"Don't take offence, man. Come and talk to me."

Dr. Crackenthorpe retraced his steps, resumed his chair and sat staring stonily at my father.

"It's true," said the latter, dropping his eyes, "every word. It's true, sir, I tell you."

The doctor never spoke, and my father stole an anxious glance up at him.

"Well," he said, with an effort; "anyhow, it's a small matter to separate enemies. I don't know the value of these gimcracks, but as you take pleasure in collecting 'em, I'll—I'll come now, I'll make you a present of 'em."

The doctor became human once more, and for a second time clutched the coin radiant. My father heaved a profound sigh, but he never moved.

"Well," he said, "now you've got it, perhaps you'll state the particular value of that old piece of metal."

"It's a gold Dordic!" cried the doctor; "as rare as"—he checked himself suddenly and went on with a ludicrous affectation of indifference—"rare enough just to make it interesting. No intrinsic value—none whatever."

A little wicked smile twitched up my father's bearded cheeks. Each man sat forward for some minutes pulling at his pipe; but it was evident the effort of social commonplace was too much for Dr. Crackenthorpe. Presently he rose and said he must be going. He was obviously on thorns until he could secure his treasure in a safe place.

For a quarter of an hour after the door had closed behind him, my father sat on gloomily smoking and muttering to himself. Then suddenly he awoke to consciousness of our presence and ordered us savagely, almost madly, off to bed.



Dr. Crackenthorpe, Gold, Merciless and Grasping, Whose Passion Is Old Goins.

A skinflint. An ill-dressed man of forty-five, ball-jointed and cadaverous, with a wet, wandering blue eye and brick-colored hair, like rat tails. From beginning to end of the story this strange figure finds a sinister place.

perience that befel there after the intruder's departure.

My brother, a young animal of whom, as we all were, tired of his fishing for the nonce, and for an hour we lay on our backs in the grass, stretching to the warmth and chatting desultorily. Strange new germs of thought had of late, perhaps, begun to stir in the rough soil of my soul, and they moved me to speculations that had until recently been quite foreign to it.

We had from the first been educated to an internal barbarism so unusual that it is no wonder mental development began late in us. That it ever shot into growth at all was probably due to a certain inheritance of that poetical side of my father's character I have alluded to.

"Jason," said I, suddenly, "what do we live on?"

"What we can get," said my brother, sleepily.

"But I mean—where does it come from; who provides it?"

"Ask dad if you like. What does it matter?"

"But I want to know."

"Oh, don't bother, Renny. We have enough to eat and drink and do as we like. What more do you want?"

"I don't know, I want to know, that's all. I can't tell why. Where does the money come from?"

"Tom Tiddler. He was our grandfather." "Don't be a fool. Dad's never worked the mill that we run on the meadows, and Dad Tom Tiddler did before him."

"Not to the tune that would keep four laborers in idleness for sixteen years."

"Well, I don't care. Perhaps dad's a highwayman."

I kicked at the grass impatiently. "Suppose dad died or went mad?" "You're mighty particular to-day, I hate

answering questions. Let me alone."

"I won't," I said, viciously. "I want your opinion. That you're a precious fool!"

"Well, it's that you're a precious fool!" "What for?"

"To bother your head with what you can't answer, when the sun's shining."

This was the Alpha and Omega of Jason's philosophy.

"I can't help bothering my head," I said. "I've been bothering it, I think, ever since dad gave old Crackenthorpe that medal last year."

Jason sat up.

"So you noticed it, too," he said. "Renny, there's depths in the old man that we shan't plumb."

"Well, I've taken to thinking of things a bit," said I.

Jason—so named, at any period I never saw a register of the chattering of any one of us because of his golden fleecy, shook it and set to whistling softly. His lips were as red as strawberries, but they were a worse fruit. When I think of them now, ye vois rouge, as the French say.

His name—Modred's, too—mine was Jason, and more local—were evidence of my father's superior culture as compared with most of his class, and, as a philosopher and tutor from ages remote to us, we grew up with a good manner of speech and little manners for all that. Why he sunk content to rot in defiant idleness, the mill, if it can, must answer.

I was throwing myself back with a disquieting sense of a sudden a shrill liquid scream came toward us from a point apparently on the river path fifty yards lower down. We jumped to our feet and reared headlong in the direction of the sound. Nothing was to be seen. The yellow flocks shimmered in the meadows, the tall water grasses rustled along the margin of the stream. It was not until the cry was repeated, almost from under our very feet, that we saw the reason of it.

(To be continued to-morrow.)



"Puppy of Satan!" Dr. Crackenthorpe hissed in grim fury, "D'ye dare to pursue me with murderous hate?"